

ETNA CINDERS ON PLACES 30 MILES DISTANT

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

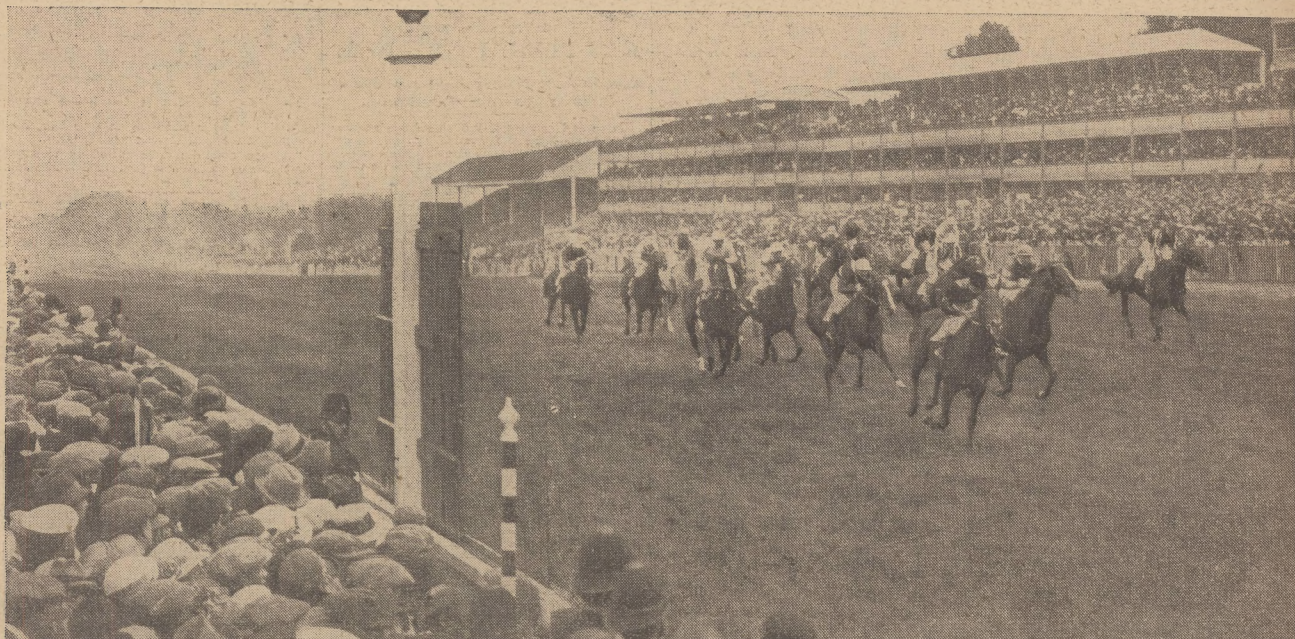
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THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1923

One Penny.

THE KING'S SURPRISE WIN OF ROYAL HUNT CUP



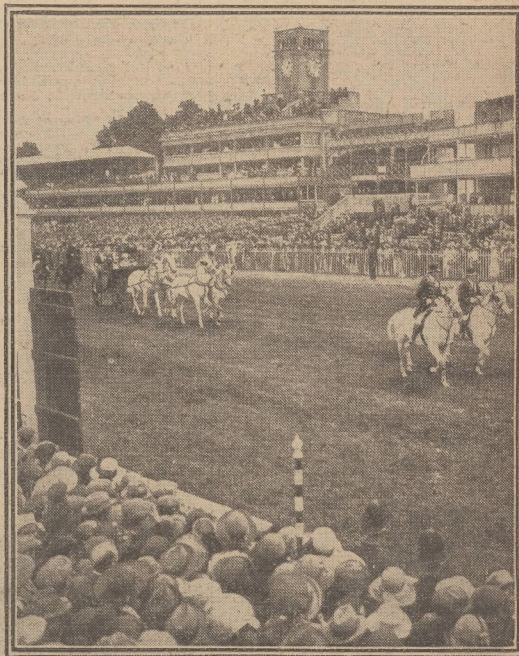
The King's horse Weathervane winning the Royal Hunt Cup yesterday by a length from Sir F. Price's Rock Firo. The price was 20 to 1.



Weathervane, with Ingham in the saddle, being led in



Mrs. R. Phillipson in a delightful frock typical of Ascot.



The King arriving to see his horse win the big race.

This Ascot is most certainly a Royal Ascot. Yesterday, after the King had won a race on the opening day, three of his horses ran first, second and third in three races. The ~~win~~—a surprise—was in the big race, the Royal Hunt Cup, when Weathervane, spleu-

didly ridden, as the King said, by Ingham, an almost unknown apprentice, finished in front by a length. Bowood was second for the Bessborough Stakes, and Lady Feo third for the Coronation Stakes.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

THE KING WINS THE HUNT CUP.

Weatherhane's Success at Ascot at 20 to 1.

DRESS PAGEANT.

Debutantes in Dainty White Capes of Rabbit Fur.

Amid scenes of tremendous enthusiasm, the King won the Royal Hunt Cup yesterday with his horse Weatherhane, ridden by S. Ingham, which finished a length ahead of Rock Fire, with Jarvis a length behind.

Although starting at 20 to 1, Weatherhane was by no means an outsider. In the minor enclosures, and on the heath especially, he was quite well backed.

Twenty-five runners started, and a peculiar fact was that the first three were drawn together at the starting post.

This was the second royal success at the meeting. Knight of the Garter having won the Coventry Stakes on Tuesday, and the scene of enthusiasm as Weatherhane passed the post was reminiscent of King Edward's Derby victory with Minerva.

To-day's Weather.—Fine for a time, with a risk of some rain or drizzle later. Moderate temperature. Further outlook unsettled.

SCENE OF ENTHUSIASM.

Prince of Wales Leads Way for Royal Party to See Victor Unsettled.

From Our Special Correspondent on the Course.

Weatherhane made it a real Royal Hunt Cup day.

Ridden by a small apprentice named Ingham, a son of an Epsom chemist, the King's colt had his twenty-four rivals beaten fully a furlong from home.

A tornado of cheering broke out as soon as it was seen that Weatherhane would not be caught.

Beginning at the winning-post end, it echoed right back the full length of the range of stands and enclosures, and back again over the outside, where thousands had caught but a glimpse of the colours as they had flashed by.

Inside the paddock a more subdued—but none the less hearty—reception awaited Weatherhane and his small pilot.

The Prince of Wales and Prince George were the first to leave the royal box to make their way to the unsaddling enclosure; next came Princess Mary and then the King and Queen, who, obviously delighted, both congratulated Weatherhane's trainer, Mr. R. Marsh, and the proud little jockey, Ingham.

Two royal victories in two days have indeed made this a memorable Ascot. With a little luck, there might have been three, since Bovey beat all save East Tor in the first race to-day—the Beesborough Stakes.

PRINCESS MARY'S JOY.

Squeezes the King's Arm—Woman in Scarlet Jacket and Shoes.

By Our Woman Reporter.

While the King shingly acknowledged the greetings of his subjects on the Heath as, when Weatherhane won, they flung their caps into the air, Princess Mary, in a pretty orchid mauve transparent hat and ermine wrap, slipped her hand beneath her father's arm with affectionate pressure as she whispered her quiet congratulations.

It was a far more cheery and exciting Ascot than that of the day before; also a better-dressed one.

A soft, caressing wind ruffled feathers and ribbons and curls to further beauty. It was a day of wraps, often more decorative and fragile-looking than the gowns they protected.

Mingling with ermine and chinchilla were the prettily simple white rabbit fur capes every other debutante seemed to be wearing.

CARTWHEEL HAT.

At one time the royal enclosure looked like an animated bed of orchids, for mauve was still the prevailing colour. Here and there a pair of fading scarlet and white relieved the sweet sobriety of a black satin suit.

There are always dress sensations at Ascot, and the woman who walked about the royal enclosure and paddock wearing a red cloth jacket that she might have borrowed from one of the red-coated bandmen playing in the gardens, over a scarlet and white check skirt and high-heeled red kid shoes, supplied quite a mild one.

One woman sauntered in the paddock wearing a padded and embroidered Japanese silk kimono and a cartwheel of black velvet on her head.

ELLIS ISLAND ADMISSION.

New York, Wednesday. The Ellis Island officials admit that as many as 150 persons of different race and colour were housed in the same sleeping quarters.

They explain that to have the various races of immigrants classified separately would require a building of gigantic proportions. —Reuter.

CHANNEL DRAMA.

Court Charge Against Girl Who Fell from Liner.

STORY OF £1,200 TRIP.

Charged with attempting suicide, Winifred Neal, the young Canadian woman who was seen to leap overboard from the cross-Channel steamer Biarritz on Monday and was picked up, was at Folkestone Police Court yesterday remanded for a week for medical examination.

The steward said he saw Neal going over the side, and tried to catch her but failed.

The ship was stopped and a boat lowered. A nurse from Folkestone Hospital said Neal told her she jumped overboard intentionally.

The Chief Constable: She told me she left Halifax (Nova Scotia) a year ago with £6,000 (about £1,200), intending to see the world and get rid of the money, and, having done that, to get rid of herself. She has 18s. in her possession now.

Joseph Delaney, forty-two, of St. John's, jumped from the deck of the Isle of Man steamer Manxman as it was nearing Douglas yesterday. A boat was immediately lowered, but Delaney was dead when picked up. He had been in a Liverpool nursing home.

PEER'S HOUSE RAIDED.

Bogus Window Cleaners Get Away with Jewels from House of Ex-Judge.

Two men called yesterday at the residence of Lord Stendal (formerly Mr. Justice Pickford) at Queen's House, Chesham Walk, Chelsea, and representing themselves as window cleaners, were admitted by one of the maids.

Later it was discovered that they had ransacked jewellery boxes and cases in the room of the Hon. Mary Pickford, and had taken away numerous brooches and other personal trinkets to the value of about £100.

The men were aged about twenty and twenty-five to twenty-seven and wore dark clothes. Full descriptions of them have been given to the police.

HUSBAND'S ROUGE BAN.

Separation for Wife of Man Who Did Not Approve of Cosmetics.

Rouge and powder were stated at Kingston to have played a part in the unhappy married life of Charles Walter Wall, against whom his wife sought a separation order on the ground of persistent cruelty.

Mr. Wall said the trouble began between them when he objected to his wife using powder and rouge on herself and their little girl.

Mrs. Wall said her husband often struck her and pulled her out of bed, and had also bitten her on the leg. A separation order was granted.

DEATH OF DUKE'S WIDOW

Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe Who Was Friend of Queen Victoria.

Arne Duchess of Roxburghe, fourth daughter of the tenth Duke of Marlborough and aunt of Mr. Winston Churchill, died in London yesterday.

She was the widow of the seventh Duke of Roxburghe, who died thirty-one years ago, and the mother of the present Duke. She was at one time Mistress of the Robes and Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Victoria, and was a close friend of her Majesty.

Apart from the Duke, two sons and three daughters of the late Duke are living. One of the sons, Lord Robert Innes-King, the husband of Miss José Collins, the actress.

He had no hat and wore black boots, and had a black mohair watchguard, and is of rather refined appearance.

Although every effort is being made by the police, no arrest has yet been made.

MOTOR CRASH DEATH.

Inquest Story of Police Cyclist's Speed—Lady Norah FitzHerbert's Injuries.

The story of a "terrific crash" between a motor-car and a motor-cycle on Bromley Hill, Kent, which resulted in the death of a policeman and severe injuries to Lady Norah FitzHerbert, daughter of the Earl of Lauderdale, was told at the inquest on Police-Constable John Woodley, at Ladywell yesterday.

Mr. FitzHerbert, Lady Norah's husband, who was driving the car, said he had never known anything come along the road so fast as the motor-cycle ridden by P.-C. Woodley.

The motor-car was returning from St. George's Hospital, London, to Folkestone, Devonshire, when it was overtaken by the motor-cycle. The car was travelling at 40 m.p.h. when it was overtaken by the motor-cycle.

The coroner said there was no evidence to show that the driver of the car was driving carelessly, and the jury returned a verdict of Accidental death.

ELOPEMENT SEQUEL.

Desertion Follows Marriage Over Anvil at Gretna Green.

A marriage over the anvil at Gretna Green after an elopement from Paignton, Devonshire, was mentioned by Mr. A. W. Fryzen, solicitor, at Marylebone Police Court yesterday, when he supported the summons for desertion taken out by Mrs. Rachel Whitman, Portsmouth-road, Maidstone.

The real difference between them, it was stated, was the education and faith of their son. Mrs. Whitman wanted the boy brought up as a Jew, and Mr. Whitman as a Christian.

Mr. d'Yvour: It is within the power of the father to have his son trained in the faith he thinks fit. He should assert his authority.

A maintenance order of thirty shillings a week was made, giving the custody of the child to the wife.

TAXED THEATRES.

Forced Into Liquidation by Entertainment Duty.

FIVE CLOSING IN KENT.

Mr. King, secretary of the Entertainment Tax Committee, states that, following the Government's refusal to reduce or abolish the entertainment tax, a number of theatrical concerns will immediately go into liquidation.

Yesterday morning he received four communications from the provinces to that effect. A letter from the Kent district announced that five theatres owned by one company could not carry on. They had hitherto kept open solely in the hope of some relief.

Mr. King stated the committee would certainly continue to agitate against the tax.

GAS PERIL UNDER SEA.

How Brita'n Nearly Lost a Class of Submarines—War Revelation.

How a certain class of British submarines was nearly lost during the war through poison gas being generated from plates containing arsenic was related by Dr. T. M. Legge, a Home Office inspector, at the conference on International Labour Organisation and Industrial Health in London yesterday.

Forty-eight hours after the submarines went to sea for the first time, said Dr. Legge, the crews came back suffering from symptoms which could only have been caused by a poison gas. Arsenic was found in the plates. This happened twice before the proper way to treat the plates was found.

COALOWNER IN DOCK.

Charge of Obtaining £6,000 from Public Funds by Fraud.

Ball of £2,000 was allowed at Liverpool yesterday, when Harry Sharrock Higginbottom, managing director of the Coed Talon Main Collieries, Limited, whose pits are near Mold, was remanded on charges of making false declarations to the Coal Controller in 1916 and other years and obtaining large sums from the public funds by fraud.

It was stated that £6,000 was involved.

GAGGED GERMAN GIRL.

Police Search for Tall, Refined-Looking Man Who Attacked Her.

Fraulein Laspe, the young German girl, who was brutally attacked, gagged and rendered unconscious at St. Just, near St. Mawes, Falmouth, on Sunday afternoon, has now given a description of her assailant.

He is a man of big build, about 6ft.; dark eyes and hair, clean-shaven, dark, thick eyebrows which meet at the centre; dressed in a dark blue suit, with white shirt.

He had no hat and wore black boots, and had a black mohair watchguard, and is of rather refined appearance.

Although every effort is being made by the police, no arrest has yet been made.

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A maintenance order of thirty shillings a week was made, giving the custody of the child to the wife.

JUDGE DECIDES INFECTION PUZZLE.

Deadly Germs in a House Used by Consumptive.

"PERIL TO FAMILY."

£130 Damages for Tenant Who Left After Two Days.

That there is danger of infection in a house which has been occupied by a consumptive was decided by Mr. Justice McCordie in the King's Bench Division yesterday.

He awarded £130 damages to Mr. Brian Collins, of St. Albans, against Mrs. Elsie Hopkins, from whom he rented the Poplars, St. Albans, in which her consumptive husband had previously lived.

The Judge found that the house was infected enough to constitute a danger to Mr. Collins and his family, and he was therefore justified in breaking his tenancy.

"A man should not be called on to expose his wife and children to peril of this kind," he added.

"APPALLING SCOURGE."

Judge on Perils of Infection from Tuberculosis Germs.

Mr. Collins had taken the Poplars furnished for six months, but the day after taking possession he learned that Mrs. Hopkins' husband, who had resided in the house before he went to Switzerland, where he died, had suffered from tuberculosis. On learning this he left.

He alleged that the risks he ran of getting tuberculosis justified his leaving the house immediately, and in claiming damages for the expenses he had been put to.

Mr. Justice McCordie said the action was important alike to the parties and to the public.

The law implied, in the absence of an agreement to the contrary, a warrant by the landlord as to fitness of the premises.

What was the meaning of the phrase, "Fit for habitation?"

In the case of unclean furniture or defective drains the matter, as a rule, was not one of difficulty. The eye or nostril could detect the fault. In the case, however, of a house lately occupied by a person suffering from an infectious disease, the eye and the other senses were of no avail, because the bacilli of infection were not apparent to the eye, yet the peril was none the less grave because it was hidden.

If the risk was serious, no one could doubt the tenant's right to repudiate the contract. In dealing with bacilli which might mean illness and death, Mr. Justice McCordie thought the actual risk justified a tenant in breaking his contract.

"A man should not be called on to expose his wife, children and household to peril of this kind," he said.

Mrs. Hopkins' counsel had contended that in this case the risk of infection had passed when Mr. Collins entered into occupation on October 28, the husband having last resided there on September 11.

"I doubt," said his Lordship, "whether the terrible presence of consumption in this country is fully realised. It is an appalling scourge. One person in seven dies from it."

PIT SHAFT MYSTERIES.

Glossop Man to Face Four-fold Murder Charge at Assizes.

"I am not guilty, and reserve my defence," said Albert Edward Burrows at Glossop yesterday on being committed for trial on the charge of murdering Hannah Calladine and her two illegitimate children, whose remains were recovered from a disused pit shaft.

He is also awaiting trial on the charge of murdering a boy named Tommy Woods, whose body was found in an airshaft.

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

Swedish Fleet's Visit.—A Swedish fleet is to visit Sheerness, Rosyth and Gibraltar next month.

The Veterans' Flag Day.—The Veterans' Association Empire Flag Day resulted in a collection of £1,175 4s.

Woman D. Litt.—London University yesterday conferred the Doctorate of Literature on Miss E. E. le P. Power.

Married Teachers to Go.—Hove Education Committee have decided to dispense with the services of six married women teachers.

Miss Irene Chapman writes to say her dog Thor Sable Muff won the first prize in the Royal Cornwall Show at Canbourn, Mr. Ford, as reported.

Polar Flight Mishap.—Captain Amundsen's aeroplane, in which he was to attempt his polar flight, when he was named, says Reuter, and he is returning to the United States.



Justice McCordie.

BURNING CINDERS FROM ETNA HURLED 30 MILES

Lava Flow Diminishes While Clouds of Smoke and Vapours Grow Denser.

SLIGHT EARTHQUAKE SHOCK CAUSED IN PISA

Houses Set on Fire and Roads Swept Away by Torrent 20 Feet Deep—More Villages Engulfed.

With the cessation yesterday of the lava flow from Etna, there were hopes that the destruction wrought by the eruption of the volcano would not be increased.

Enormous clouds of smoke and vapour continue, however, to belch forth from the burning craters and cinders have fallen in districts as far as thirty miles away. A slight earthquake shock was caused yesterday morning in Pisa.

Two more villages have been engulfed by the boiling torrent, which reached a depth of 20ft., set houses on fire and swept roads away. The menace to the towns of Linguaglossa and Castiglione has diminished.

King Victor is visiting the refugees, and Signor Mussolini, the Italian Premier, is directing the relief measures and salvage operations.

MOLTEN FLOOD STEMMED BELGIUM SENDS HER RUHR

ON OUTSKIRTS OF TOWNS. Signor Mussolini in Charge of Relief Work.

KING VISITS VICTIMS.

Lava flowing from Mount Etna practically ceased yesterday in the whole of the menaced zone, but, cables the Central News, the volume of smoke and vapours has enormously increased and the sky is darkened.

One sequel to the eruption of the volcano was a very slight earthquake shock which was felt at Pisa at 9.25 yesterday morning.

Late the previous night large cinders fell in districts around Taormina, which is some thirty miles to the north-east of the volcano. One of the main branches of the lava stream has reached the outskirts of both Linguaglossa and Castiglione, but it is moving so slowly that hopes are entertained that these two towns, or at least the greater part of them, will be spared.

In many districts of the volcanic zone which have not suffered to any extent, people gather round the statues of saints in the public squares and pray day and night.

Palomba and Santo Spirito are among the larger villages completely engulfed.

After destroying the station at Cerro, the burning flow cut the road from Linguaglossa to Randazzo, ruining a number of trees and setting fire to several houses in Catena.

The torrent, adds Reuter, gained a depth of over twenty feet.

The King of Italy has arrived at Catania in order to be with the suffering refugees, and Signor Mussolini, the Premier, has gone to Sicily from Rome to inspect personally the consequences of the eruption and to accelerate relief measures.

The Italian Minister of Public Works also spent the whole day in the zone affected by the lava flow, seeing what salvage measures could be taken and assuring the stricken population of the solicitude of the Government.

Pollanata, Pizzicallo and Linguaglossa are now covered with several feet of lava.

NEW BISHOPRIC PLANS.

Conference Recommends Dividing Up Diocese of York.

The report of the conference of representatives of the Yorkshire Diocese (York, Ripon, Wakefield, Sheffield and Bradford) has just been issued, and recommends:—

That the diocese of York should be relieved as soon as possible by the constitution of a new see consisting of the Archdeaconry of the East Riding. The new diocese would contain about 200 parishes and about 220 clergy.

There is much to be said in favour of the title being the Bishopric of Beverley and Beverley Minister being the cathedral church.

The members of the conference are also of opinion that the Diocese of York should be further relieved by transferring to the Diocese of Wakefield the whole of the Rural Deanery of Hemsworth and the Rural Deanery of Pontefract, with the possible exception of one or two parishes.

They also recommend transferring certain parishes to the Diocese of Ripon.

BILL TO PROTECT CHILDREN.

Major Pegg's Bill to provide for the better protection of children, under which men convicted of certain offences under the Criminal Law Amendment Act may be sentenced to be privately whipped, was received with approval in the Commons yesterday.

BELGIUM SENDS HER RUHR REPLY TO PARIS.

View That Separate Note Should Be Sent to Britain.

PRESSURE TO CONTINUE.

BRUSSELS, Wednesday.

The draft reply of the Belgian Government to the British Memorandum regarding the cessation of passive resistance in the Ruhr will be forwarded to-day to Paris, states the *Etoile Belge*.

The *Etoile* adds that the Belgian Government expresses agreement with the French point of view, but considers that a separate reply should be sent to Great Britain on all questions raised in the Memorandum which do not concern Belgium.—Reuter.

In regard to the French reply to the British questionnaire, "Pertinax" writing in the *Echo de Paris*, quoted by Reuter, says he does not believe the reports published by certain British newspapers that the French Memorandum has been forwarded to Brussels are entirely correct.

"The principal point in discussion," he adds, "is what France and Belgium mean exactly by the cessation of German passive resistance."

"At the outset we drew up a programme with at least ten different points. We now agree to cut down our programme."

"SATISFACTORY."

"We are ready to regard as satisfactory the cancellation of the ordinances, decrees and instructions given by Berlin to officials in the Ruhr since January 11. This cancellation must, of course, be more than a formal one."

"We also regard it as being of the utmost importance that the German Government shall cease granting credits to the Ruhr industry and paying salaries to the unemployed—a system which has permitted the continuance of passive resistance."

"In regard to a change in the occupation regime, it is necessary to clear up a misunderstanding which seems to prevail in Great Britain. We shall only modify our present measures as and when payments are made as reparations."

"Having profited by our experience since January 11, we shall take care to keep within the means of exerting the necessary pressure."

Pertinax concludes:—"No greater mistake can be made than that made by certain Englishmen, who believe that the Ruhr affair has become for France a mere question of prestige."

QUICK REMARRIAGES.

U.S. Bill for Divorce and Wedding on Same Day.

NEW YORK, Wednesday.

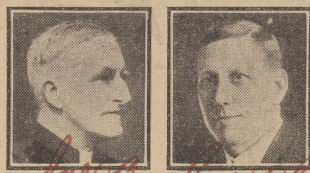
The Judiciary Committee of the Illinois House of Representatives have passed a Bill making it possible for a person to obtain a divorce and get married the same day.

The House is expected to approve the measure. The present law requires a year's interval before divorced persons can marry.—Central News.

WIRELESS HERO DEAD.

A hero of the early days of wireless telegraphy, Walter Seddon, who as operator on the steamer *Voltorno* was responsible for saving over 300 out of 700 Dutch immigrants when the liner caught fire in mid-Atlantic, has died at Gathurst, near Wigan, aged thirty-one.

He was only a youth at the time, but he bravely remained at his post broadcasting S.O.S. messages, which brought sea liners to the rescue.



Canoe Joseph Wood, a former headmaster of Harrow, whose death has occurred suddenly at Margate.

Mr. Edwin C. Cox has been appointed chief operating superintendent for the Southern Railway.

U.S. MODIFIES LAW FOR "ALL DRY" SHIPS.

Wine Allowed Inside Limit If Under Doctor's Care.

SEALED SUPPLIES ON LINER.

Passengers on ships bound for America whose countries provide legally for wine rations may obtain wine inside the three-mile limit upon a physician's affidavit.

This concession by the U.S. Treasury to the "dry" ships rule is announced in a Central News New York telegram. The provision of this liquor must, however, be at the expense of the shipping lines.

The White Star liner *Olympic*, which left Southampton for New York yesterday, accordingly sailed "wet."

The *Olympic* is carrying a supply for the return voyage under seal in a separate compartment of the ship.

The *Majestic*, the first transatlantic passenger ship to enter New York under the new prohibition regulations, reached port "bone dry" except for the legal supply of medicinal brandy."

This Reuter telegraphs, was the result of the "gallant efforts" of passengers anxious to observe the American law.

By half-past eleven the night before the *Majestic* docked the supply was exhausted, many passengers competing for the honour of the last "tipple."

Some of them, however, performed their duty so faithfully that they were unable to be present at the end!

SERVANTS' INQUIRY COST.

£15 a Day for Attendance of Members and Witnesses.

Sir Henry Craik asked the Minister of Labour in the Commons yesterday if he would state what is the cost being daily incurred by the Committee on Domestic Service and from what fund the cost is met.

Sir M. Barlow replied that the expenses for members and witnesses for a full day were £15, of which £12 was borne by the Ministry of Labour vote and £3 on the vote for Royal Commissions.

The chairman informed him last week that the taking of evidence had been practically completed.

LAUSANNE DEADLOCK.

"Only New Instructions Can Pull Us Out," Says Diplomat.

LAUSANNE, Wednesday.

The Conference is absolutely deadlocked. As a diplomat put it this morning, "We are aboard a stranded shipwreck on a deserted island, and nothing but new instructions from our Governments can pull us out."

The whole matter is now being discussed by Paris, Rome and London, and it is not expected that a decision will be reached for a few days, as it is well known that divergences of view exist between the latest instructions given to the British, French and Italian delegations regarding the currency in which payment of the Ottoman debt is to be made.

Greece, of course, greatly objects to an adjournment.—Exchange.

NOT SO LUCKY AFTER ALL.

Winner of School Derby "Sweep" Suspended—Promoter Punished, Too.

Two fourth-year boys attending Swindon Secondary School have been suspended by the principal.

One promoted a Derby sweepstake, and the other drew Papyrus, the winner.

It is understood that the first boy was instructed to hand the money and the list to the principal, but refused, so that the names of others would not be divulged.

No tax on Sweepstakes!—"It is not proposed to extend the terms of reference of the Committee of the Betting Tax so that they can consider the propriety of a tax on sweepstakes," stated Sir William Joynson-Hicks in the Commons yesterday.

THE KING WINS WITH "OUTSIDER" AT ASCOT.

Weather-vane Lifts Hunt Cup at 20 to 1.

SECOND ROYAL VICTORY.

Occasion Rivals Day King Edward Won Derby.

From Our Special Correspondent on the Course.

ASCOT, Wednesday.

Amid scenes of tremendous enthusiasm, the King won the Royal Hunt Cup to-day with his horse Weather-vane, ridden by S. Ingham, and finishing a length ahead of Rock Fire, with Jarvis a length behind.

It was not until close home that Weather-vane forged ahead, and the roar that went up when it was seen the King's horse was leading showed that the crowd loyally ignored the fact that there was little or none of their own money on the horse, as it started as an outsider at 20 to 1.

Twenty-five runners started, and a peculiar fact was that the first three were drawn together at the starting-post.

This is the second royal victory of the meeting, Knight of the Garter having already won the Coventry Stakes on Tuesday.

The King has enjoyed much better luck this season than last, when his horses recorded a phenomenal number of seconds.

The cheering of the crowd rivalled that of the occasion when King Edward won the Derby with Minerva.

The King has yet to win a classic race.

PRINCESS MARY'S JOY.

Squeezes the King's Arm—Woman in Scarlet Jacket and Shoes.

By Our Woman Reporter.

The King smilingly acknowledged the greetings of his unknown subjects on the Heath opposite, when, after his horse came in, they flung their caps into the air.

Princess Mary, in a pretty orchid mauve transparent hat and ermine wrap, slipped her hand beneath her father's arm with affectionate pressure as she whispered her quiet congratulations.

It was a far more cheery and exciting Ascot than that of the day before; also a better-dressed one.

FEATHERS AND RIBBONS.

A soft, caressing wind ruffled feathers and ribbons and curls to further beauty. It was a day of wraps, often more decorative and fragile-looking than the gowns they protected.

Mingling with ermine and chinchilla were the prettily simple white rabbit fur capes every other debutante seemed to be wearing.

At one time the royal enclosure looked like an animated bed of caribis, the prevailing colour. Here and there a pair of dashing scarlet shoes relieved the sweet sobriety of a black satin suit.

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One woman sauntered in the paddock wearing a padded and embroidered Japanese silk kimono and a cartwheel of black velvet on her head.

ALL EYES ON KING SOL!

He May Arrive To-day—But the Weather Experts Shake Their Heads

To-day's Weather Forecast.—Fair generally; wind north-west or north, moderate; temperature rising somewhat. Visibility good.

Will to-day see a sudden and dramatic change from the recent depressing weather? Optimistic but inept prophets say it will; competent authorities violently deny it.

The diversity of opinion has arisen because of the statement that as the sun crossed the equator on April 21 with an east wind, two months of weather depression were the result, and that to-day, the two months being ended, King Sol will come into his own again.

As a matter of fact, an official of the Meteorological Office told *The Daily Mirror*, "the sun crossed the equator on March 21. Thus the two months ended on May 21."

So far there has been no signs of a climatic revolution.

CHANNEL TUNNEL DELAY.

"It is a somewhat ungrateful task as chairman to write a chapter of history of a great undertaking, which moves on slowly as this undertaking," said Baron d'Erlanger at a meeting of the Channel Tunnel Company, Ltd., at the Cannon-street Hotel yesterday.

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1923.

TOO MUCH TROUBLE!

THE Income Tax Declaration Forms—known to the Inland Revenue as Returns for Assessment under Schedule D—are descending dangerously (like lava) upon the taxpayer.

They are of a formidable complexity. They grow more and more unintelligible every year.

This year, Form No. 11, intended for the use of individuals—their italics—as usual demands a full hour's careful study before even a glimmering of guidance can be extracted from its criss-cross references.

But it is accompanied by a similar form of four very closely printed pages called "notes and instructions"—apparently as a guide, or financial First Aid, to the first form.

This explanation is infinitely more obscure than the thing it has to explain.

We may therefore apportion about two hours and a half to the scrutiny of it. But, after a laborious examination of a section or two, one is liable to come upon a bracket or footnote explaining that none of it relates to oneself, as an "individual."

Is that all? No, it is not. If you desire certain privileges or allowances you've a third form. What's this form about?

Bother it all!—why, it only concerns "individuals" making super-tax returns. "Not for me!" says the average man, and puts it in the waste-paper basket.

Not for him, either, the fourth form—or accompanying leaflet—about "persons" (not "individuals" this time) who have income from the Irish Free State or who are not domiciled in Great Britain or Northern Ireland. And on this leaflet (or form) there's a really kind heading—"Other persons need not trouble to read this statement."

Need not trouble! A human touch!

Unfortunately most of us must trouble to read the other two forms. And the effort makes us wonder why it need be made quite such a trouble for us to do so!

ETNA SPEAKS.

ETNA, mother of mine! sings the Greek poet, of his native town or village at the foot of the mountains where he imagined that the Cyclopes forged their thunderbolts. One can think kindly even of volcanic earth when one's home is there. And to-day as in the days of Pindar and Æschylus the villages cling about the slopes of Etna.

"Why do they do it?" says the prudent tourist who perhaps prefers the more distant view of one of the fairest of mountains, from Taormina or from Syracuse.

"Why will people live in these places?"

Ask why they are still living in Messina or on the Calabrian coasts where the earthquake wiped out thousands in 1910. Presumably, because they must! The slopes of Etna are fruitful. They reward the toil of the vine-grower. Where there are livings to be had, they will be sought in worse places than Sicily—incidentally an impoverished land with a folk not perhaps very different in instinct from that which built temples and theatres there in ancient times.

Only, to-day, the images of the Saints serve for propitiation in place of the older gods. And for modern-minded natives there is Signor Mussolini, who has already arrived, with Fascist spells, to protect Catania and the lesser towns. W. M.

IN MY GARDEN.

JUNE 20.—Pansies now make a great show in the garden. These favourite flowers do well in almost any soil, but in order to obtain the best results we must grow them in fairly rich ground and in cool half-shady quarters. It is important to keep the plants well watered during dry weather; faded blooms must be removed at once.

About the end of this month pansies should be sown in a shady place. When large enough to handle prick them out and keep them growing strongly. In September they can be moved to their flowering quarters. Seed may also be sown under glass in early spring. E. F. T.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

Traffic and Punctuality—Restaurant Hostesses—Evening Meals—Hats and Politics—Watches That Won't Go.

BADGES OF CLASS.

SURELY it is an absurd prejudice, this that makes Labour's wild men regard the white topper—or any top-hat—as a badge of class. The outlandish Labour felt headgear is just as affected in its way. Our opinions ought not to be judged by our clothes. Craven Hill, W. FREDA GORDON.

THE EVENING MEAL.

"GOURMET" takes upon himself to say that my article "is not entirely in agreement with the teachings of doctors and physicians."

If he would consider the works of such noted dietitians as Sir Henry Thompson, Dr. Burney Yeo, Dr. William Tibbles, Dr. Herbert Alderson, Dr. Cecil Webb-Johnson and Mr. Eustace Miles he would find that they one and all ad-

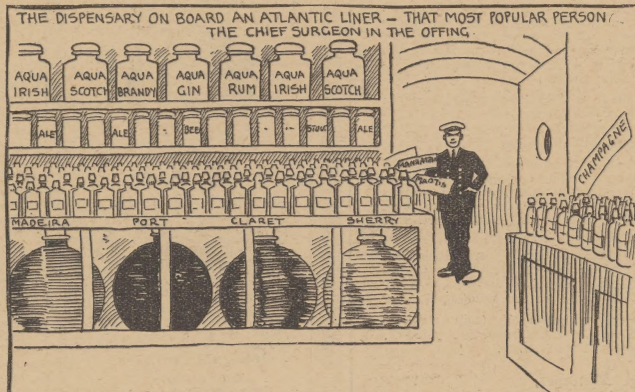
ORDER IN ADVANCE!

SOME of us have known women to be excellent hostesses at restaurants, where so many of them entertain in these days. But a woman—a man, too, for that matter—should always order the whole meal in advance and arrange about prices, and so on. Nothing interrupts conversation so much as talk about food. Dorset-street, W. A DINER OUT.

WATCHES THAT WON'T GO.

WHETHER a watch will go or not usually depends upon the wearer. I have had several watches, both cheap and expensive, and they have always gone perfectly. Perhaps this is because I have a fairly steady hand and am of a quiet disposition. On the other hand, a friend of mine is always

A WAY OUT OF THE "DRY" LINER DIFFICULTY.



Call the drink medicine instead of wine or whisky! This is the absurd evasion now suggested as a way out of the "crisis" caused by Prohibitionist fanaticism in the U.S.A.

vocate that the chief meal of the day should be taken after work is done—say, at 7 or 8. Of course, heavy suppers just before going to bed are a great mistake. E. F. FORBES. Buckingham-street, Adelphi.

"WALKING" DANCES.

ONCE again modern dancing is being attacked. Personally I see very little wrong with it, unless moralists take "exhibition dances" as an example. But do let me impress on these people, or "kill-joys," that these dances have to be out of the ordinary to be attractive.

Most of the dances at the present time are "walked," so to speak, thus enabling one to keep fairly cool and calm, which, at the same time, is very graceful and proper.

At a fashionable dance club last week I noticed that nearly everybody danced in this fashion, and it really looked attractive. In fact, I couldn't help thinking that this style would even meet with the approval of our grand-mother's mother! MODERN DANCER. Warrington-crescent, W.

ALWAYS LATE.

TRAFFIC difficulties are not a good excuse for those who have a habit of unpunctuality. Experience will tell us how long it takes to get from one part of London to another. We ought to allow for delays. Yet my "always late" friends are constantly turning up with the complaint that "it took so long to get through the streets." P. T. KNIGHT.

buying wrist watches, but can never get them to go at all well. They either stop or gallop madly on or lose several hours a day. But he has a very shaky hand, and becomes very "panicky" over the least little thing. STEADY-NERVED.

OLD AND NEW FRIENDS.

NEW friendships may be interesting, but they have never the glamour of the old ones. One of my greatest friendships was formed when I was a boy of nine, and lasted until I was nearly thirteen.

It is getting on for a quarter of a century now since I last saw or heard anything of my friend; probably I shall never see him again, but the memories of those days still linger. FREDERICK SHIP.

BULGARIA'S FATE.

WILL the Allies allow the incredible Ferdinand of Bulgaria to return to his old throne? If so, all hope of peace in the Balkans is at an end.

But I think that in any case Bulgaria is likely to be a storm centre for a long time. The Treaties left her in an impossible position, as most of us who know anything of that part of the world now recognise.

Bulgaria has lost all that she gained in 1913—all that she had fought for and won before the Great War. Most grievous of her losses was that of the Aegean port of Deodagania. Bulgaria has no outlet to the sea. She is a "bottled up" country. A STUDENT OF HISTORY.

GRIEVANCES OF THE OTHER WORKERS.

IF ALL WENT IN FOR SPECIAL COMMITTEE INQUIRIES.

By HUGH TUIE.

THE amount of public attention that is being bestowed upon the grievances of domestic servants has given rise to a great volume of umbrage amongst other classes of workers of both sexes, who consider that their claims for "consideration" have been shunted for far too many generations.

By chance I have discovered that a vast movement for betterment is gathering way, slowly yet irresistibly like an ocean-going mammoth, in the ranks of the immense army of clerks.

A few excerpts will serve to show the direction of a breeze which, if not checked, may become a whirlwind.

Mr. Percy Pancony states: "The boss is making a perfect fetish of lunch, or luncheon, to use his pompous word. Why shouldn't he bring a few sandwiches and a flask, have a quick snack in the office and get through a lot of detail work so that we can get home a bit earlier? After all, he goes home to an unimpeachable late dinner, and we don't."

"As it is, he returns, after a minimum of two hours, red in the face, and has a nap for half an hour, at least I suppose he does."

"What does he want with a lunch at his club? We clerks ought to have a full hour to ourselves after grub, so that we can have a quiet rubber at auction, practise the saxophone or pursue any other gentlemanly hobby. We have our evenings to ourselves," he says. Well, so has he! Just as well point out that we've got a few hours for sleep. Are we slaves?" (And so forth.)

WHAT THEY MIGHT SAY.

Miss Delia Daring declaims: "It's a shame, that's what it is. Why shouldn't I have a tiny wee chat now and then with Mr. Batchelor or Miss Ogle without having my nose snapped off by old Goggles if he happens to catch me?"

"Why, he spends half his time talking golf, and swapping stories, and guffawing over them, but if I have the teeniest laugh it's a 'silly giggle' and 'wasting time.' It's not fair!"

"What we want is more sociability. It helps work, that's what I say. Why can't he give us a gramophone?" (And so on.)

Mr. Robert Writand holds forth: "Man and boy I've been with my firm fifteen years, and always passed over when there's a bit of promotion going. Favouritism, nothing else, and it's a scandal! There ought to be a school for employers with clerks for the instructors, and I give you my word I'd like to be one of them with a certain employer under my thumb." (More to the same effect.)

Fortunately, for the moment, the movement appears to be confined to the more irresponsible members of a generally trustworthy profession. But this sort of thing is apt to spread like fire in a haystack.

Let us, then, nip in the bud these seeds of disorganisation, or public life will soon have all the confusion of a mixed metaphor.

Stern words and wise concessions are necessary, or—who knows?—the office-boy may discover that the inkpot and the errand are fetishes to be abolished, and that life during working hours should be one long, shrill whistle.

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With a climate cool in summer and warm in winter, this favoured County offers the holiday-maker many splendid opportunities for healthy outdoor recreation of all descriptions.

A clear stretch of about 4,500 miles of ocean lies between Cornwall and the West Indies, and the prevailing breezes carry across the sea air laden with ozone and free from all particles of dust.

"Cornish Riviera" Travel Book, Post free for 9d., on application to the Superintendent of the Line, G.W.R., Paddington Station, London, W.2.

For particulars of train services, Tourist and Excursion arrangements, apply at the stations.

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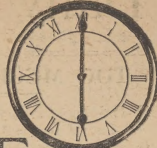
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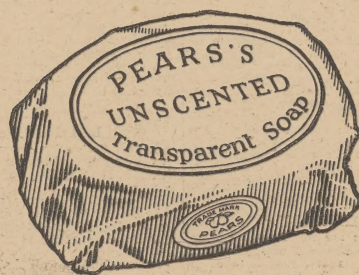
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PARROTS and Cages, 40s. each; 3 months' trial; list free.—Chapman's, 17, Tottenham Court-rd., London.



Lady Marjorie Beckett, who is entertaining for Ascot at the Vicarage, Sunninghill.



Lady Katherine Phipps, the debutante daughter of the Marchioness of Normandy.

THE KING'S HORSES.

Actresses and Duge—A Coal Millionaire—The Guards' Memorial.

THE KING has greatly enjoyed this year's Ascot. His Majesty's interest in racing grows steadily, and his two important victories this week mark a break in the long-continued bad luck of the royal stable which is very warmly welcomed by sportsmen. Knight of the Garter, which won the Coventry Stakes on Tuesday, is the King's only Derby candidate, and may become a favourite. When King Edward won the Derby with Persimmon, the colt had at the previous Ascot meeting won the Coventry Stakes.

The Ascot Crowd.

There was again an enormous crowd and a very interesting one. Sir James Craig, Premier of Northern Ireland, was there, and Major Ian Hay Beith. Lady Hawtree, wife of the famous actor, I also saw. She had a long coat reaching to the ground, of black Persian lamb, and a novelty in the way of headgear was the heavily beaded toque of Mrs. Lawson Johnstone.

A Leader of Fashion.

How to dress for Ascot is a problem which confronts the male mind as well as the female. This is how Lord Lonsdale attired himself yesterday: He wore a silk hat, a long frock-coat (not a morning coat!), black trousers with fine white stripes, very wide apart, and patent boots with white tops. It also noticed that this Beau Brummel of the Turf had a shirt-front the black stripes of which were horizontal.

Ecclesiastical Ascot.

Ascot has its memories for the Churchman as the country home of Dr. Pusey. There was an occasion when a sporting parson, inquiring after Pusey at Oxford, was jestingly told that he had gone down to Ascot to "make a book." The "book" in question was a commentary on the Minor Prophets!

Croquet.

The placid game of croquet, beloved by our Victorian grandmothers, is one of the few pastimes into which professionalism fears to tread. This week, in the beautiful Buxton Gardens, the North of England croquet championships are being played, and many competitors, not only from this country, but also from Ireland and Scotland, are gathered there. Croquet is a leisurely pastime. Some games have been known to take six hours.

Guards' Memorial.

The memorial to the Guards which is to be erected on the west side of the Horse Guards Parade will be, judging from the preliminary model, a noble monument. It will be 37ft. high, and will be composed of Portland stone and bronze. It is of the cenotaph type. The few regiments of Guards will be represented by bronze figures of typical Guardsmen, each standing above the badge of his regiment. The upper part of the memorial is to carry a lengthy commemorative inscription.

Grand Old Grenadier.

General Sir George Higginson is ninety-seven to-day. He is the oldest Grenadier, but not the oldest officer, for that distinction belongs to Sir Archibald Anson who was ninety-seven last April. Sir George went through the Crimean War, and is the original of the mounted officer in Lady Butler's famous picture, "The Roll Call."

A Godfather.

When Princess Mary's son was christened Sir George Higginson stood as one of the sponsors. General Higginson is a friend of the King and Queen, and often stays with them at Windsor.



Sir George Higginson.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General

"D. R."

Sir David R. Llewellyn, who has succeeded in booking an order in America for a million tons of coal a year, is the biggest man in the Welsh coal industry to-day. He stepped into Lord Rhondda's shoes, and is associated with more collieries than any other individual. Lord Rhondda was known as "D. A." and Sir David is known as "D. R."

Self-Made.

Beginning at the bottom of the ladder, Sir David finds himself a coal "king" while still in the early forties. His wife, one of the handsomest women in South Wales, is a woman of wide culture and a good public speaker. She is specially concerned for the welfare of the working collier, and perhaps that is why Sir David has offered £50 to each of his workmen who build their own cottages.

The Life Adventurous.

Lady Katherine Bosanquet, who has had another small daughter, is Lord Southesk's daughter. Her wedding to Mr. Rivers Bosanquet in 1917 took place in the middle of a terrible storm, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. In 1921 Lady Katherine was the heroine of a fire which destroyed the family seat, Kinnaird Castle, Forfarshire. She narrowly escaped serious injury whilst dashing through the flames.

Politics and Authorship.

Mr. George W. Gough, a well-known member of the National Liberal Club, where his position as a lieutenant of Lloyd George is perhaps not so highly appreciated as it might be, is writing a series of romantic stories depicting life in the Staffordshire of his boyhood. Mr. Gough's first novel, "The Yeoman Adventurer," has just been reprinted in a cheap edition, and his second story, "The Terror by Night," was published last autumn.



Mr. G. W. Gough.

Truck Acts!

In his graver moments Mr. Gough is an economist. He was an exhibitor at Balliol, where he took numerous Firsts. In "Wealth and Work" he has written a textbook on economics which is highly regarded. He "began," as the saying goes, at Stafford, where his father was a railwayman, and he always says that his mind was turned to economic things by boyish curiosity as to the contents of the trucks.

A Dramatic Theme.

Is there a more many-sided man in Europe than M. Paderewski, who is now on a visit to London? Patriot, statesman and pianist—he has impressed his personality upon Europe in each capacity. If Mr. Drinkwater is looking out for the material for another character play, surely he could find it in the life of Paderewski.

Self-Absorbed.

When he is at the piano, Paderewski is oblivious of everything save his playing. Mr. Edwin A. Ward, in his recently-published book, "Recollections of a Savage," tells a story of how once Paderewski played for hours at a reception, and was entirely unaware of the fact that many of the guests had been forced to leave to attend to their several engagements.

The Duse Matinees.

The Duse matinees continue to pack the New Oxford Theatre. Miss Ellen Terry has been again, and Miss Sybil Thorneike booked a seat as soon as she got back from her provincial tour. But have our younger actresses availed themselves of this great opportunity? I have noticed only Miss Gladys Cooper, Miss Joyce Carey, Miss Meggie Albanesi, Miss Elizabeth Pollock and (from America) Miss Pauline Lord. The last performances are to-day and next Tuesday.

Back to Shakespeare.

Miss Thorneike has had a very successful tour. She has motored the whole way, and—between performances—has, for fun, done some perilous hill-climbing in Derbyshire and in parts of Scotland. Of the pieces she played the "Medea" drew the largest audiences, which shows that all the serious-minded playgoers do not live in London. In the autumn Miss Thorneike will revive "Cymbeline."

Duke on the Warpath.

We have no rival to-day as a trenchant, upright and downright opponent of cant to compare with the Duke of Northumberland. He was in brilliant form in his debate with Mr. Mosley at the London School of Economics. His allusion to President Wilson's "hyphenated entourage" that brought about the League of Nations and to the League itself as a Tower of Babel were as good to hear as his onslaught on British humbug.

Ex-Speaker's Jest.

Mr. Mosley was in lighter vein in his reply, and neither gave much trouble to Viscount Ullswater, who was in the chair. The late Speaker of the House of Commons was happy in his description of the combatants—the one as the Noble Pessimist, the other as the Youthful Optimist.

Cinema School Campaign.

The campaign waged against cinema schools is bearing fruit. I learn that practically all the big British film producing companies have agreed not to engage people from these so-called "schools." The firms concerned are Hepworth, Stoll, Walter West, George Clarke, Quality, Denison Clift and Philips.

An Overcrowded Profession.

The reasons for the campaign are that so many of these alleged schools have been proved frauds, and although there may be genuine schools the prejudice against them remains. There are ever so many competent British artists unable to obtain work, and the responsible people in the film world wish it to be generally known that there are no openings for amateurs. Unfortunately there are thousands of young women who still think the film is the easy way to fame and fortune.

Fruit Crops.

There are good crops of gooseberries and red and black currants. A friend with many strawberry beds was telling me yesterday that the berries are numerous and large, but need sun.



Mr. Robert Parker, the American baritone, who is singing lead roles at Covent Garden.



Miss Mala Brand, the American debutante daughter of Mrs. Simon Brand.

Ladies' Club's Success.

The Ladies' Imperial Club has become an immediate success, and has already been visited by the Duchess of Grafton, the Marchioness Curzon, the Countess of Selborne and others prominent in the political and social world.

Dancing Invasion.

There are still some places where there is no nightly dancing—but the Royal Automobile Club succumbs this week to the craze, and, for the first time, there are dinners and suppers and dancing in their big ballroom, where so many notable concerts have taken place. An innovation is the dancing of an exhibition couple—Giola and Askew—to the singing of the baritone, John Goss.

White Sparrows.

Referring to my paragraph about a white sparrow, a Chiswick reader says a similar bird has been seen there since November, 1920. It would appear to be slightly smaller than the normal sparrow, but mixes in friendly fashion with the ordinary London birds.

The Wrong Child.

General Robert E. Lee, to whom Mr. Drinkwater's play produced last night draws our attention, was sometimes absent-minded in matters not of military moment. Once on his return from war he found his small boy, with a visitor of the same age, waiting for him. "My child!" he exclaimed, eagerly lifting the visitor in his arms and kissing him, while his actual offspring howled with disappointment and jealousy.

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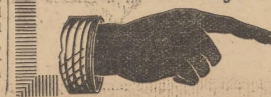
The Portfolio is published in four handsome volumes, full music size, beautifully bound in half-leather style, with gilt front and back.

HERE ARE A FEW OF THE PIECES:

Three Green Bonnets	Guy D'Harcourt	Shepherd's Song	Eller
Woe You	Yves Norella	Heaven's Gift	Descamps
Wings of Song	Mendelssohn	Nocturne	Dana
I Found a Paradise	Mendelssohn	The Two Graces	Schubert
The Swan	Robinson	Thou Art So Like a Flower	Robinson
The Sundial in My Garden	Adams	Most Wonderful of All	Verdi
Faded Love	Coven	Dearest Name	Sullivan
I Will Not Doubt	Coven	The Willow Song	Thompson
Orpheus with His Lute	Sullivan	A Flower from Memory's Garden	Chabaud
Top of the Hill	Samuel	Woodland Song	Breton
Thou Art So Like a Flower	Schumann	Fifth Symphony, 1st Movement	Dunhill
Once	Hervey	Daphne	Leacock
Nymphs and Shepherds	Farrell	Minuet from "Pagliacci"	
The Guardian Angel	Lehmann	Fifth Symphony, 2nd Movement	
The Golden Vanity	Tradition	Etc. Etc. Etc.	

"I received the volumes as ordered in good condition, and allow me to express my gratitude. I have read and sung from them and can truthfully say they are above what I expected to receive. I consider I have made a wise speculation, and heartily wish you every success."—Mr. W. Stirling, Bentley Rd., Doncaster.

Post To-day.



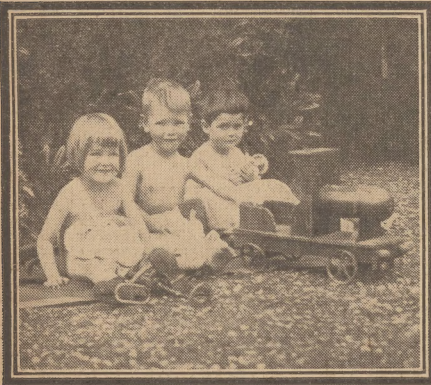
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REAL SUN BABIES



A happy trio enjoying the sun cure at the country home of the National Orthopaedic Hospital, Brockley Hill, Stanmore (Middlesex), which houses 100 little patients.

SHEEBA'S STROLL



Sheeba, a cheetah at the London Zoo, out for a walk with its former owner, Mrs. Mortimer Hancock, who regularly visits the gardens and takes Sheeba for a constitutional, to the surprise of visitors.

ASCOT'S GAY PAGEANT



Left, Sir Victor and Lady Warrender returning to the enclosure after a visit to the paddock. In the centre is seen a collar of such unusual size as to be



TIVERTON ELECTION.—Colonel Acland-Troyte (left) and his cousin, Mr. F. D. Acland, Conservative and Liberal rivals respectively in the by-election at Tiverton, where polling takes place to-day.



FOOTBALL AWHEEL.—Boys playing football on roller skates at Walthamstow. Though exhilarating as a sport, it has certain dangers as a street game.



NEW SPEED RECORDS.—J. G. P. Thomas at the wheel of the car in which he created new records for five and ten miles at Brooklands. He attained a speed of over 124 miles per hour.



Admiral Loring and his daughters were among those who dared an alfresco meal.

Fine weather following an early shower favoured the second day of the Ascot meeting, Hunt Cup day. The promise of sunshine given by the opening day and confirmed by blue skies after the morning rain, prompted a larger attendance. The women visitors were persuaded to dis-



Two smart toilettes seen on the course yesterday. On the left is a dainty frock of white lace with a wrap of ermine. On the right is a charming effect in black and white that affords a most effective contrast.



One of the most dresses seen at Ascot yesterday, visitors yesterday.

OF BEAUTY AND FASHION



almost a cape. On the right is a masked tipster in conventional morning dress offering his "information" to a woman racegoer.



making of the splendid... Encouraged by the... rather on the opening... they wore their gayest... looks.



The Hon. Barbara Frankland with a friend who exchanges the comfort of a soft hat for the regulation grey "topper" on arrival at the Ascot meeting by motor. Grey silk hats were noticeably in evidence yesterday.

play the full glory of dresses which on the previous day they had put aside unworn or hesitatingly concealed beneath the protection of cloaks and furs, only to find the optimism of their more daring sisters amply justified.

SPORTSMEN BOTH NORTH SEA WEDDING



Billy Wells, the popular boxer, with his son, who was a competitor, at the athletic sports held at Streatham Hill College. The bombardier's interest in his boy's performance was particularly keen.



Captain Arne S. Kristiansen and Miss A. J. Jorgensen, two Norwegians, being married according to Norwegian law outside three-mile limit off Northumberland coast.



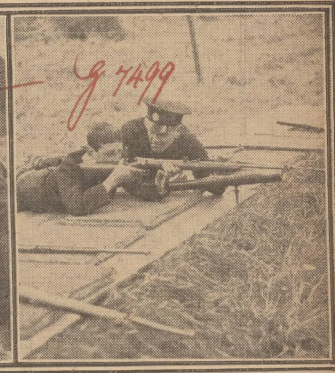
PROWESS.—J. J. Reuben, a fourteen-years-old boy at Perimeter's Foundation School, Hackney, won all of six events in which he competed at the school sports.



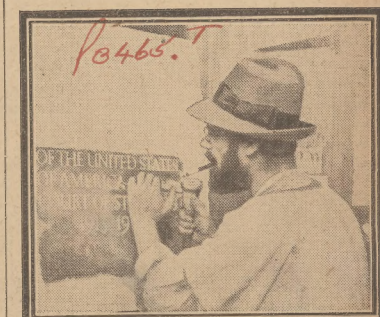
FRAUD CHARGE.—Alexander Kellaway, an estate agent, charged at Hull in connection with the alleged misappropriation of £545, the life savings of a widow. He was remanded.



MARKSMEN IN THE MAKING.—Instruction in rifle shooting being given at the Royal Commercial Travelers' Schools at Hatch End, Pinner, where orphans of the society lead a boarding school life.



The janitors of the Highland Club's luncheon tent, in full Highland dress, are picturesque figures.



A FRIEND OF BRITAIN.—Mr. Eric Gill completing a memorial tablet to Mr. Walter Hines Page, U.S. Ambassador to Britain from 1913-1918, to be placed in Westminster Abbey.



The magic power of a New Hat

If it suits . . . and very few new hats don't . . . it is a wonderful mental tonic. It puts a little extra shine into the sun—for a woman.

It makes her step lighter, her eyes brighter, it has a way of inspiring . . . oh, but you know all about it—if you're a woman.

No use mere man saying "What? another new hat?" He doesn't know! With his cap, his bowler or his soft felt hat, he can't be expected to know—can he?

For there's not much inspiration about "one head, one hat"—to a woman. If only it could be one hat for each mood or occasion—well!!!

But there are some moods even the most gorgeous new hat cannot brighten. The "dumpy" mood, for instance, when one's physical tone is low.

'Tis then a physical tonic, like Andrews, is necessary . . . to make life brighter by taking away the cause of gloom.

Only now and then need you take Andrews—just when you feel the need . . . and what a difference!

An occasional morning glass, bubbling and sparkling with the promise of well-being, will give to you, and yours, a feeling of confident fitness.

So—this is to every woman—just try Andrews. See if you don't look, and feel, as radiant as if a new hat came your way every day.

Andrews Liver Salt

is the Family Friend—time-tried and trusted. It cools, purifies and sweetens the blood and helps Man, Woman and Child to become—and keep—fit.

Try Andrews in your household—keep a tin on a handy shelf, always. The 4 oz. size costs 9d.; the 8 oz. 1/4 . . . both sizes are sold everywhere.

(13c) ®

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADELPHI—Nightly, at 8.15. Last Mat. Sat. 2.30. **BATTING BUTLER**, Jack Buchanan. **LAST WEEK**. **ALDWICH**—To-day, 2.30, 8.15. **TONS OF MONEY**. W. Th. 2.30. Yvonne Arnaud, Tom Walls, Ralph Lynn. **ALHAMBRA**—(Gerr. 5064) Daily, 2.30, 6.10 and 8.45. "YOU'D BE SURPRISED." Next Week, Varieties. **AMBASSADORS**—8.45. **THE LILIES OF THE FIELD**. Meggie Albani, Edna Mat. Fri. Sat. 2.30. **COMEDY**—Every Evening, at 8.30. "BEGGERS." Fay Compton, Leon Quartermaine. Tues and Fri, 2.30. **COURT**—(Gerr. 848) Evgs. 8.30. Aria League Travelling Theatre. Plays, English and Celtic Folk Songs and Dances. **COVENT GARDEN**. British National Opera Co. To-night, 7.45. **FAUST** (Melba and Johnson nigh). **CRITERION**—3 prompt. **CHARLES HAWTREY** in "JACK STRAW. Mats, Every Tues and Sat. 2.30. To-night, at 8. "SUCCEEDS." **DRURY LANE**—(1258-9) **NEED A DEAN OF OLD DRURY**. Evgs. at 8. Mats. Wed and Sat. 2.15. **DUKE OF YORKS**—Evgs. 8.30. HAI HAI at 8. **ELIZA COMES TO STAY**. Mat (both Plays), Wed, Fri, 2.30. **GARRICK**—(Gerr. 9513) 8.30. Wed. Sat. 2.30. "Partners Again." Potash and Perlmutter in the Motor Business. **GLOBE**—9. Evgs. Wed, Fri, 3. "AREN'T WE ALL?" Preceded, Evgs. 8.30. Mats. 2.30 by Thomas Dodge. **GOLDERS GREEN HIPPODROME**—8.30. **JOSE COLLINS IN THE LAST WALTZ**. (Special matinee, Sat. 2.30). **HAYMARKET**. A New Play, by A. A. Milne. 1st Mat. Sat. 2.30. **HIPPODROME**—2.30 and 8.15. **BRIGHTER LONDON**. Billy Mercer, Lupino Lane, Paul Whiteman and Band. **HIS MAJESTY'S**—8.30. Wed. Sat. 2.30. **HENRY LINLEY** in "OLIVER CROWDELL," by John Drinkwater. **LITTLE**—(Regent 2401). **THE 9 O'CLOCK REVEIL**. Evgs. 8. Mats. Mon and Th. 2.45. Red. Mat. 2.30. **LONDON PAVILION**—Evgs. 8.15. Th. Sat. 2.30. **DOVIE** STREET TO DIXIE. S. Lupino, Or. Myrl, F. Milla.

LYCEUM—7.45. Wed, Thurs, Sat. 2.30. Bransby Williams in "David Copperfield." 7s. 6d. to 8d. (Gerr. 7817). **LYCEUM**. Monday, June 25. Sir Henry Irving's Great Play, **THE LYONS MAIL**. **LYRIC**—Evgs. 8.15. Wed, Sat. 2.15. **LILAC TIME**. A Play with Music by Schubert. (Gerr. 3687). **LYRIC, HSMITH**—Evgs. 8.15. **THE BEGGAN'S OPERA**. Mats. Wed, Sat. at 2.30. 125th PERFORMANCE. **MASKELLYNE'S THEATRE**, near Oxford Circus, 3 and 8. Long Stubb, "Scarab," Pecora. (Langham 1545). **NEW OXFORD**—Last 3 Days. **NOVO** and Y. Prisms in Songs, S. Guitry in Stories, in La Donna Dei Mirai. Mats. June 26. **ELEGONRA DUSE** in "The Outsider." **NEW (Gerr. 4466)**. **MATHEW LANG** in "CARNIVAL." To-day, 2.30 and 8.30. Mats. Wed and Thurs, 2.30. **PALACE**. Irving Berlin's "MUSIC BOY REVUE." Nightly, 8.20. Mats. Tues, Thurs, Sat. 2.30. "MAGDA." **PLAYHOUSE**. Gladys Cooper. To-day at 2.30 and 8.30. Mats. Thurs and Sat. 2.30. **PRINCE OF WALES**—(Gerr. 7482) 8.15. **THE OUTSIDER**. Anglo-American Joke. "SO THIS IS LONDON." **QUEEN'S**—Evgs. 8.30. R.U.F. Mats. Fri. Sat. 2.30. **SAT. 2.30**. Madge Titherage, Norman McKinnel. **REGENCY**, King's X—Nightly, 8.30. **ROBERT E. LEE**. By John Drinkwater. First Mat. Sat. next, at 2.30. **ROYALTY**—(Gerr. 3685). Evgs. 8.30. **AT MRS. BEAMS**. Dennis Bialic, Jean Carr. First Mats. Wed and Sat. 2.30. **SAVOY**—2.30 and 8.15. **POLLY**. Mats. Mon, Thurs, Sat. 2.30. **PITT CHATHAM**. **LILIAN DAVIES**. **ST. JAMES'S**—Nightly, 8.30. **THE OUTSIDER**. Leslie Feller, Isabel Elgers. Mats. Wed, Fri, 2.30. **ST. MARTIN'S**—Evgs. 8.30. Th. Wed, Fri, Sat. 2.30. "The Talk of the Town—Morning Post." **SCALA** (New). **THE MARIONETTE PLAYERS**. Evgs. 8.30. To-day and Sat. 2.30. Last. Thurs. Sat. next. **SHAFESBURY**—8.30. Wed. Sat. 2.30. **STOP FLIRTING**. The Astoria. Double attract all London. Daily Press. **STRAND**—At 8.30. Wed. Sat. 2.30. **PAULINE LODI** in "O'NEILL'S ANNA CHRISTIE." G. Marion, F. Shannon. **VAUDEVILLE**—Evgs. 8.30. Th. Wed, Fri, Sat. 2.30. (RAT) A. Charlott's Revue, Alfred Lester, Gertrude Lawrence.

WINTER GARDEN—Evgs. 8. **THE CABARET GIRL**. Dorothy Dickson, Leslie Henson. Mats. Sat. 2.15. **WYNDHAM'S**—Gerald du Maurier in "THE DANCERS." A New Play. Evgs. 8.15. Mats. Wed and Sat. 2.30. **COLISEUM**—(Gerr. 7840) 2.30, 7.45. "TANNIATSER." Act I, Scene I; Bruce Bairnsfather; Harry Tate, etc. **PALADIUM**—(Gerr. 1004) 2.30, 6.45. Phant. Myr. and Mrs. Graham Moffat and Co. Ella Shields, Will Pyke. **EMPIRE**—(Gerr. 3527) Daily, at 2.45 and 8.30. Sun, 7.45. **EXILES** of WOMEN, Topicals, etc. **NEW GALLERY**, Regent-st.—Lionel Barrymore in "Boomerang Bill." Comedies, Topicals, etc. **PHILHARMONIC**—2.30 and 8.30. "ALLENBY IN PALESTINE." Lowell Thomas. To-day, Fri. Sat. 2.30, 8.30. **PHILHARMONIC**—Sun, at 8. "ROMANTIC INDIA." Lowell Thomas. 2.30 and 8.30. Mon, and daily. **STOLL PICTURE THEATRE**, Kingsway—1.45 to 10.30. All-Star Cast in "Brothers Under the Skin," etc. **POLYTECHNIC HALL**—The Wonderland of Big Game. Thurs, Daily, 2.30 5.15, and 8.30. 1s. 3d. to 5s. 3d.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

ADVICE free.—Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Herbalists, 518, Manchester-road, Bradford. (Mention "Mirror").
BOOT Repairs by Bands direct, 1s. 10 and 2s. 4d. 1b. Send for cuttings—Catt, Tansard, Northampton.
B send for free literature on treatment.—Laboratories, 434, Chancery-lane, London, W.C.2.
COZIMA, Portland, all Skin Diseases positively cured. When everything else fails—Write to J. G. Wilkinson, M.S. Chemist, 12, Druggard, Harrogate.
COTTRE, Enlarged Glands, Venous and Tumours quickly and Permanently Cured without Operation. Remedial, Pools and Advice Free.—W. Dunson, M.D., Special. (Dept. G-1, Medical Hall, 44, Broadway, Grays.)
DISH Liners Handkerchiefs given with every 12 tablet box Knight's Castle Soap; buy a box to-day from your chemist, grocer, or stores.
FLAVER Skin Food restores wasted tissue and the soft velvety smoothness of youth; large crystal jar, 7s. 6d. post paid from Key-See Skin and Complexion Clinic, 59, New Bond-street, W.
SUPERFLUOUS Hair instantly removed; simple home treatment; price 2s. 9d.—Stanley's, 154, Southgate, Gloucester.

PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED

A Happy Family of Pets Whose Comical Adventures Are Famous Throughout the World

SEA OR COUNTRY?

Daily Mirror Office.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,— I expect most of you are already getting excited about the long summer holidays which are so close at hand. Where will you spend them this year? Does the sea still attract you, or would you rather "bury" yourself in the country? I am never quite certain which has the stronger appeal for me—the sunny seaside, with bathing joys and fun on the sands, and ices and other jolly things, or the country, with its quietness, its lovely fresh smell and simple rural pleasures.

One minute I feel that I must have a

THE PAINT-BOX.

A Gentleman with Bright Yellow Boots!

We have a lovely box of paints, Red, yellow, pink and blue; The brushes lie in one long row, There is a palette, too.

We've painted pretty birthday cards, They're piled up here in stacks; Our pictures hang upon the wall, Nailed up with tiny tacks.

It seems to us that people choose Their clothes in shades so faint, And so we put more colour on The figures that we paint.

Here is a handsome man in blue. We've striped his hat with red; In place of dull black boots he has Bright yellow ones instead.

MRS. RED SQUIRREL CHATTERS
The Grey "Wretches" and the Housing Shortage.

I WAS resting on a bank of velvety moss, beneath a spreading beech tree, when suddenly I heard a sound like hundreds of kettles boiling over.

Looking up, I was surprised to see that all this gabbling and spitting came from—one tiny red squirrel! She was seated on a branch above my head, and her little beady eyes were peering at me through the leaves.

"Burr! Tut-tut! Fizzzz!" she scolded, in a high-pitched voice. "Disgraceful! That's what it is! Burr! Disgraceful!"

I sat up. "Hullo, Mrs. Red Squirrel!" I exclaimed. "I am pleased to meet you. We don't see many of your family now."

"Spzzz!" I should think not, indeed!" she replied, indignantly. "Why, bless my whiskers! there's hardly a red squirrel left in the country."

"Why is that?" I asked politely. "Why! Br! Tut-tut! You may well ask why!" she chattered. "Nuts and kernels! It's these grey squirrels—these wretches, common little foreigners!"

"Whatever have they done?" "They swarm all over the place, the wretches! You can't walk through a wood nowadays without meeting half a dozen ugly little good-for-nothings, dressed in their dull, drab, grey coats, and grubbing for nuts, like the greedy things they are!"

"PEACEFUL" SQUIRRELS. "But do they interfere with you?"

"Spzzzz!" What stupid questions you do ask!" she replied, tartly. "Interfere with us, indeed! Why, they drive us out of our homes! The wretches are much stronger than us, and we are such peaceable little people—spzzzz!—we couldn't hurt a grub in a nut! Why, there won't be any red squirrels left soon—and everyone knows we are the handsomest of the family! And English, too—English to the backbone. My goodness! We're chased from our homes! Talk about the house shortage! I'm looking for a house myself now! That reminds me! I must see my house agent at once!"

As she spoke, she suddenly disappeared in the foliage, but a few moments later, she appeared on the ground beside me, pushing the funniest little cart you ever saw. It was full of nuts—her family store—and a dear little baby squirrel sat among them, just like a real baby in a pram!

HOUSES ARE DEAR! A young squirrel—Bushy-tail, the good lady's eldest son—ran on ahead, while his mother pushed the cart.

I followed them as quietly as I could, and presently they stopped by a hollow oak.

A tired-looking dormouse was asleep by the roots, but Mrs. Squirrel gave him a poke, and he woke up. "Now, young man," snapped the

good lady, "where is this house you were going to show me?"

The dormouse stretched himself, and rubbed his eyes. "Here it is, madam," he said, with a huge yawn, and he pointed to a hole in the tree trunk.

Mrs. Squirrel peered in. "Humph! Looks damp!" she chattered. "What's the rent?"

"Fifty beech-nuts a year!"

Mrs. Squirrel looked very worried. "Oh, dear!" she cried. "Houses are so dear now!"

At this point I bent down and whispered in her ear. "Why not come and live with me? I've got a nice hut for you, and I can get nuts all the year round."

And that's how I got my red squirrels. They are jolly little pets.

WHITBY

YORKSHIRE

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LOVELY SEASIDE RESORT

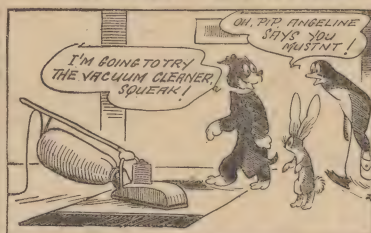
WITH A BACKGROUND OF

MOORS, WOODS & RIVERS

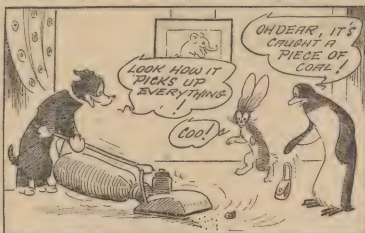
GLORIOUS SANDS GOLF BATHING FISHING

Illustrated Guide post free from Town Clerk WHITBY, or any L.N.E.R. Enquiry Office

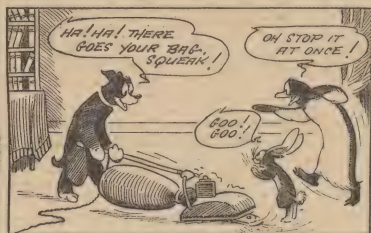
WILFRED "EXPLORES" THE VACUUM CLEANER.



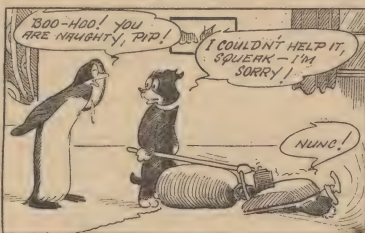
1. Pip has always been very interested in the vacuum-cleaner which Angeline uses sometimes.



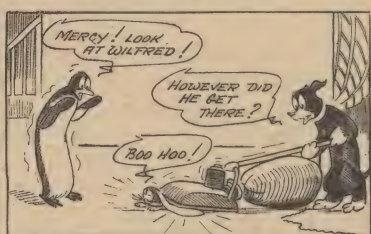
2. He was amazed to see how it collected all the dust and dirt.



3. Just for fun, he ran the cleaner over Squeak's famous handbag to tease her.



4. During the argument that followed Wilfred accidentally got swept inside the cleaner.



5. Judging by his face, I don't think he enjoyed the experience at all.



6. Angeline was quite cross with Pip when she found out. It serves him right.

glimpse of the sea, and the next I long for a sight of long fields, golden with corn, and the fruit trees in a cottage garden.

I think I had better draw up a list of the rival claims of sea and country. Something like this:—

SEA.	COUNTRY.
Bathing.	Long walks.
Sands (cricket, etc.).	Hills.
Deck chair on beach.	Nap on the grass.
Watching the children enjoying themselves.	Feeding pigs.
Ozone.	Fresh country air.
Golf.	Golf.
Ices.	Milk, cream, fresh eggs, etc.
Concerts, etc.	Quick seat and book.
Nigger minstrels.	Ditto.
The pier.	Ditto.
Plenty of jolly people.	Ditto.

Well, what do you think of it? I am now rather of the opinion that the sea is the jollier place. There is a little too much "quiet seat and book" in the country! And, much as milk and cream and new laid eggs appeal to me, I think ices appeal even more!

Yes, the sea for me this year!

Your affectionate Uncle Dick.

A wasticket of the palest pink. Green gloves, and he is done; And if he fancies a blue dog— Why, then, we'll give him one! —F.S.

"LEFT-OVER" ANSWERS.

YESTERDAY there was not enough space for me to answer all the letters about pets. I am printing the others below.

Esme Durand, Cannes.—The only way to make your little Pom beg is to hold some food in the air, and refuse to let him have it until he stands up on his hind legs. You can help him by holding his front paws, then putting the food in his mouth. Never make him beg unless you mean to reward him with something to eat. A kindly pat will also go a long way to teach him.

Alec Vaughan, Harrow.—If your tortoise is of the European variety he should eat lettuce, as well as almost any greenstuff, dandelions, fruit, rose leaves, etc. He may be a Moor tortoise, however, in which case he has to be fed on meat, cooked or raw, and fish. Try him with everything until you find out what he likes. Glad to hear you are now ten, Alec.

Charlotte Coldwell.—Sorry to hear your dog Prince eats everything he can get—including coal and paper! I am afraid it is impossible to give any advice without having seen him. If I were you I should ask the vet, again; or take him to an animal's hospital.

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THIS STOMACH REMEDY SPEAKS FOR ITSELF.

Auto-suggestion's a fine thing, but when a person's rolling on the floor in an agonising attack of stomach upset, "I'm getting better and better" seems somewhat thin! But take Bisurated Magnesia and see what happens! The sufferer's pain goes instantly, and he or she gets up, all smiles. Bisurated Magnesia's a remedy that speaks for itself—the benefits are palpable—**instant relief!** And Bisurated Magnesia costs little, while indigestion may cost a valued life. Any chemist in the land can supply Bisurated Magnesia, powder or tablets, for 1s. 3d.; any doctor will say how good it is; anyone who's tried it will praise it warmly. Here, indeed, is a boon to those who sigh for health and are afraid of the best things on the table. . . . But remember there's no substitute: see that it's "BISURATED" Magnesia and you'll then get the one thing that *does* give instant relief.—(Advt.)

The RIGHT Food for BABY

HOW important it is to give the right Food at yet how often do Mothers make experiments and try foods that have not been properly tested by long use. It is a common remark made to Savory & Moore by Parents—"I only wish I had tried your food first!"—or "We have tried every food on the market, but Savory & Moore's was the only one my child could digest."

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SAVORY & MOORE'S FOOD
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THE LITTLE LADY

By ERIC
MAXWELL



"We have walked hand in hand together—and once you kissed me."

HOW THE STORY BEGAN.

IN Carnarvon-street, London, W., is—or was, for it has passed into other hands now—the flower shop known as Fleurette & Co., tenanted by Barbara Crane, the orphan daughter of a lieutenant-colonel who had died during the war.

Barbara is aided in her business by Alec, a snub-nosed, freckled boy, and she cherishes the friendship of Peter Cowdray, nephew of Lady Parminster, into whose set Barbara foolishly allowed herself to be drawn before choosing the way of independence. Barbara has once met Maurice van Rekken, a wealthy, worldly man, who endeavoured to force his love upon her. The memory of that experience has always sent a shudder through the Little Lady since.

One night when Peter is supping with her Maurice van Rekken, who is believed to have died abroad, returns unexpectedly. He greets Barbara familiarly, and Peter, assuming he is not wanted, leaves. Later she meets Peter while on a shopping expedition, and he practically cuts her.

In a basket of flowers received from a flower farm in the South of France, Barbara comes upon a letter written by the proprietor, an Englishman. He is desperately lonely, and after another humiliating scene with Van Rekken, who forms the plan of going out to join him, hoping thereby to comfort him and to forget some of her painful memories.

She is grieved as if she were expected when she reaches Lea Cypres. The proprietor, Philip Champion, has engaged a companion for his wilful daughter Aileen, and circumstances allow Barbara to take her place. She falls in love with Champion and is deeply distressed when she finds that a designing woman, Vera Lavronov, is seeking to win his affections.

VERA STAKES ALL.

BARBARA hurried through the green door of the Villa des Oranges and banged it to behind her. She had been too stunned by the jealous fury of Vera Lavronov's outburst to have been able to reply to her. Also she had been conscious of her rôle of maidservant, which forbade her speaking her mind to a friend or her employer. Even at this crisis she wanted to preserve the secret of her identity.

"Well!" asked Jacko, giving a last jerk to the pump and screwing up the valve. "Did 'er high-and-mightiness enjoy reading the letter?"

"Your trick worked very well, Jacko. She's simply furious. She as good as said she didn't believe a word of Mr. Champion's story of the car breaking down."

The chauffeur grinned broadly. "She wasn't far wrong there. I don't believe it myself."

The Little Lady found difficulty in disguising her agitation at the turn of events. She couldn't help realising the seriousness of the position. Vera would come storming up to the Villa and accuse her of an intrigue with Philip. Of course, he himself would know it to be untrue, but still it would upset him and call attention to her.

"Madame Lavronov is a dangerous person," she said to Jacko, when they were once more on their way through the gay streets. "She has a sudden, passionate way with her that must attract a crowd of men."

"Perhaps you're right," said Jacko, becoming involved in difficulties with a couple of heavy Army lorries, which he accused of "walzing about the road in front of him."

That "perhaps" was the last word the Little Lady's mind all afternoon. The sun, even on that late day in January, was so strong that it drove her with her sewing to the shelter of the pepper

trees. "Perhaps," she said to herself, as the needle flickered in the mending of Aileen's stockings, and again, "perhaps," as Julio looked up from his gardening and flashed a brilliant smile at her.

She was wondering how long it would be before Vera Lavronov descended upon Philip Champion with her furious allegations. Each moment she expected to hear the purring approach of the grey Hispano Suiza and to see its owner thrust her way into the house.

Her fear for the complete destruction of the friendly relations between Champion and herself was now almost entirely swallowed up in her concern for Philip, lest the trouble of facing hysterical Vera might send him once more to those depths of unhappiness which had once driven him to write a certain fateful letter.

She didn't want Philip to be hurt. It surprised her to find how real was her concern for his happiness, and how willingly she could put aside her own interests when his were at stake.

So deep was she in her own perplexing thoughts, that she heard no sound of Vera Lavronov's approach, and was not aware that she had arrived at the villa until suddenly, just above her head, she heard voices which drifted from the window of the study. The car must have stopped at the garage, and Vera have walked through the garden to the house.

"Come in here, my dear," said Philip's voice, kindly as ever.

Barbara could picture him holding open the door and motioning the Russian girl into the room with his own graceful, courtly gesture. "Perhaps you would like some tea after your drive?"

"I did not come up here to take tea with you, Phileep," broke in Vera, and you know that. The Little Lady shivered at the bitterness in the other's tone. Should she pick up her things and move away? However, she stayed where she was, motionless, staring away towards the blue line of mountains.

"Are you angry because I could not dine with you last night? I assure you it was the fault of my temperamental motor car, which chose such an inconvenient moment to break down."

"So you expect me to believe that? Oh, there's no need to stand there smiling at me. I know that she has bewitched you, the little red-headed thing. She told you not to come to me, that I was a dangerous woman, that it would be better to keep away from me."

"What are you saying?" broke in Champion, more coldly than Barbara had ever heard him speak. "Are you suggesting that Parker, my daughter's maid, has said anything to make me regard such an old friend as you are? Why, I never speak to her. She looks after Aileen, and does not come in my province at all. You should be more careful what you say, Vera. Such statements can lead to a great deal of harm."

"Oh, you make me tired, Phileep! Like all men, you are blind to what is happening in the hearts of women. You do not see that the servant girl is madly in love with you. That in her silly way she has been turning you against me. She does not say much when she finds her opportunity of speaking with you, but she lets fall remarks which, in spite of yourself, make you believe ill of me."

There was a pause—and Barbara could almost hear Philip's sharply indrawn breath as he struggled for self-control. After a while he spoke:

"You are not well, Vera—or you couldn't make such allegations against a girl whom you hardly know. I'm sorry I couldn't come last night, but it was absolutely impossible. Won't you acknowledge that I am right and apologise for your wild accusations against Parker?" Vera sighed a heavy sigh of exhaustion. Her passionate misgivings had left her strangely exhausted.

"Perhaps I was wrong, Philip. Only I was so disappointed that you did not come to meet me, and when I saw that girl this morning smiling at me over the letter I went sort of mad. I was foolish, it was all a great mistake. I know now that I was wrong, that you still love me—and that I still love you."

DEFEAT!

BARBARA twisted her hands desperately about each other. This eavesdropping was becoming terribly painful to her. There was some sort of unearthly fascination which held her chained to her chair.

When Philip spoke again it was on a different note, a mixture of sternness and sorrow. "You were a wonderful friend to me in Paris, Vera—and I've always been glad to see you here."

"Is that all?" The tone of the Russian was cold and heavy.

"That should be enough." "But, oh," the other voice cried, suddenly and passionately, "it isn't enough to me that you just like me. I did not visit you in the hospital because I liked you. I am not a fool, Phileep; I came because I loved you."

Philip Champion's voice held a great pity when he went on:

"Love, Vera? Love? Was there every a question of that?"

"But yes," she replied. "I have come here to your villa time and again, and you were always pleased to see me. We have walked hand in hand together—and once you kissed me!"

"Vera, I'm sorry—I've been a brute, perhaps, to leave you under that impression. But don't you see, the situation was one of your making. I hadn't the heart to be rude to you—oh, yes, my dear, it would have needed that."

"Are you a fool? Do you imagine that a man can play with a woman's feelings?"

"My dear Vera—"

"Oh, don't speak to me like that, man!"

"How should I speak to you?"

"There was a silence—and when the Russian answered her voice had regained its old tenderness."

"Tell me that you love me—that you disguise your love because of—the woman of the portrait."

Barbara could picture the white hand pointing to the portrait of Isadora, and a cloud gathering in the man's eyes.

"It's because of that portrait that I cannot disguise my true feelings, Vera. The death of the lady of the portrait—there came a prolonged pause—"makes it impossible that I should love you. My dear, can't we be good friends, as a man and a woman can, talking of life and not of ourselves?"

"Oh, you are impossible!" cried Vera, and stamped her little high-shod foot. "You lead me on, you bring me here from London and then when I ask of you the love that you could give, you speak of friendship 'as a man and a woman.' You have played with me, hatefully, unparadoxically. Do you think that I can forgive you that? I am not used to being treated so, to being pushed aside by the ghost of a woman—or a lady's maid." Her voice was now raised in high anger.

The Little Lady shivered at the bitterness of that last stroke. The ghost of a woman! She could almost see Philip Champion stagger and put his hands to his eyes. A lady's maid! That didn't seem to matter.

When Philip spoke again it was to say, very quietly, that the words hardly drifted to the shade of the pepper trees:

"Don't you think that you had better go, Vera?"

There was no question in his voice. It was dismissal—and she knew it.

"Turned out of the house!" she said.

"There is no compulsion."

As if I would stay after that, or ever come here again to be slighted as you have slighted

me. I shall be at my villa until April, my friend. If you—you will ever want to make amends for this, you may come to me."

There was something feminine and infinitely pathetic in that last way which desperately she left open to him. "Good-bye, M. Champion. Perhaps you will be good enough to send for my car."

"Certainly," he said, and called loudly for Jacko, who stamped round the corner of the house and entered the shadowy hall.

A few minutes later the big car crept again across the shingle. Vera Lavronov swept from the doorway; her host helped her into the seat and bowed coldly over her hand. As the car started forward Barbara caught the eye of the Russian and saw those darkly-pencilled brows raised.

"So that's the end of Vera Lavronov!" she thought. "She's done for herself with her jealousy, but, oh! has she done for me, too? Could Philip ever forget what she said to him?"

"She felt herself to be in an intolerable position. Owing to her presence in the house under false pretences she could not go to Philip Champion and have the matter out. She—a servant—had overheard a more than private interview between her employer and one of his friends, and the best thing she could do was to disguise the fact that she had heard anything."

When the car had disappeared and only a low hum on the distant road indicated its departure, Philip Champion came across the terrace to speak to Julio, who was pottering about among the flower beds below the balustrade. His face was pale and drawn with emotion.

He seemed surprised to find the Little Lady seated there, the stockings a splash of cerise colouring against the sober velvet of her dress, staring wild-eyed across the valley.

He stopped—and she looked up, almost afraid to meet his eyes. But his glance was candid—and in some way—strangely consoling to her. "You think the view beautiful?" he asked.

"Yes," she managed to whisper, "very beautiful, Mr. Champion."

He stood a moment in silence. In the brown eyes grew a sudden tender interest—as if he had never noticed her before, and had suddenly realised the autumn hair curling deliciously.

"It is—beautiful," he said—and then—"Julio, you rascal!"

She watched him run down the steps, not knowing what to think. Did he mistrust her, or had the injustice of Vera's allegations opened his eyes to her presence, and warned him that she was, in her way, important?

She wanted to know. Oh, how she wanted to know!

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Medals for Bradford Players.—Players of the Bradford Rugby Union team are this evening to be presented with gold medals in commemoration of their victory in the final of the Yorkshire Challenge Cup.

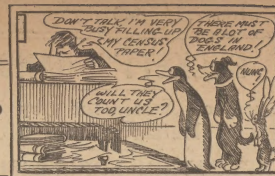
Waterloo Golf Trophy.—The second annual competition—play over twenty-seven holes by strokes—for the cup presented to the Dunmurry Golf Club (Co. Antrim) by the 1st Prince of Wales' Volunteers, was won by M. Jackson.

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Mr. Brian Collins with his wife. Yesterday he was awarded £130 and costs on his claim against Mrs. Hopkins (inset), who let him a house recently occupied by a consumptive patient.



Miss E. Wright, the sailing stroke of the crew of the London School of Medicine for Women. They will row against Newnham College, Cambridge, on Saturday.



REFRESHING THE RIDERS.—The Provost of Linlithgow serving champagne to the magistrates and "the Deacon of the Dyers" after the riding of Linlithgow Marches.



The Duke of York arriving at Roehampton for the lawn tennis tournament. With Wing-Commander Louis Greig he was beaten in the men's doubles by N. G. Deed and W. D. List, 8-6, 9-7.



Vesuvius' crater photographed a few days ago.



The town of Catania, with Mount Etna in the background.



The shore side of Catania.



A main street in Catania.

ETNA'S FIERY MENACE.—Catania, where the King of Italy has arrived, is close to Mount Etna, now in violent eruption, and is full of refugees from the devastated district.

Though the flow of lava was yesterday reported to be slower, smoke and vapour have enormously increased and cinders are falling thirty miles away.